

Title Page

24 June 2019

Version 1

Echoes of the Winds

Heard by a Little Shepherdess

By

Mary Seacross

Edit Log:

24 June 2019 combine all files into one and go over
duplication later, 23 June 2019 Creating Title Pages for
the Internet Archive

8/12/2007 1:03:02 PM Bridgeville DE,

First heard in the high desserts of Nevada, longhauling.

To the other Roamers out there
And my Spirit Family

A little tranquility to speak sooth of His solemn divinity
from a little shepherdess convicted of the magnificence of
His most wonderful presence.

Then, then weave into a little poetsongs from a low one who
only but hears the canyon walls echoes of the rims of world
of the wordmasters - smithed words into songs and songs
into a winding grapevine, of baroque and intertwining
Praise!

Echo I do but into His presence of glory, art melodies of
great feel arise in my throat - in voice of the pen and I
spindle my voice into words of ink, inked interlocking
vines of my wonder

Of My God Wonder

My Wonder
Of a God of Truth
Unable to lie
Of God of Love
Unbelievable warmth
How I wish to express
This wonder
But can these words know
What I do feel?
Nor can the art of the
Constellations portray
His almighty majesty
Galaxy-wide?

1. At the Rim

And so I sit at the rim of the canyon - voices moan on the
wind, for an invisible presence is aloft
A mystery but the echoes of the spirits songs I hear do
haunt me for they, ghostlike, can only sing to me of the
worlds beyond my know
Of Wonderworlds they are only singing a hint of their
Most interesting glory.

Alas! I stand drawn into enchantment with the haunting echo
of the songs of the winds, there are they that only whisper
hint of spectacular lands of a being so interesting to me
and bridelike and I wonder into the canyon rim seeking for
my windlove to sing to me:

Ghostlike, but not forgotten

Mysterious, but not mad
Nor dark, nor bad
Invincible, but invisible now

Until my everlasting eyes will
Be reborn to see
As I enter my eternity
My bridal ceremony
Into the unending sanctum
 Of my Father's Rest
The allure of the moaning winds
Confess this mystery, great
And my spirit understands their tongue
Though I do not
In some incomprehensible way
Though, I know what the winds are singing to me
For my spirit bears witness of a language beyond
My speak
And worlds beyond my know
But they are real worlds as they are unknown
Tangible as they are invisible, to these
Mortal eyes
Eyes which can only but see shadows and
Ears which can only hear echoes
 The echoes of the winds

2. The Feast Everlasting

And then rapturelike I am swept up taken to a great feast
hall guided by my elbow by mine invisible host, who words
my ears can only hear but echoes
Yet he still sits me before a grand table and tells me thus
 "Partake of Me"
He knows that I am shepherdess of the high desert rims and
ravenously rapt at what is set before me
The Psalmist's words echo "I shall not want" and I have not
been wanting, for such a feast has made me full, full at
the blessing that go with His family. And so I delight in
my feast, nor am I alone in my joy for my spirit sisters
and mothers and fathers and brothers and daughters and sons
all sit about congregating in delight
While sipping of a kind of wine that is sweeter than honey
and as unsexing as a pure mountain spring of cold water
and toasting the host while laughing in the kind of
happiness that is of hope everlasting. We all radiate a
kind of Joy for the invisible one whom we all know is there
and we, just mortals are unhallowed to see,

But we can taste, oh yes we can taste of Him in the wonders
of the feast that He hath prepared for us.

What a feast as no mortal can know unless he has been
foretold and what an honor to know when you are God
Acceptable and sitting welcome at His table as if we were
as important as Him, Him who binds the universe together
across the vast galaxies of time and space. What an honor
it is to just sit there knowing this. And yet it is for all
of us who hunger and thirst for Him

And Common shepherdess I am not so common after all, for
the feast hath told me of mine worth and what we all are,
for we sit as if we were equals with the most awesome
mastercrafter of the universe, his graciously invited
guests.

What mean I of tasting of Him, why then let me explain
this: what man, with all his science can fashion an apple
from light and soil and water? Not the biggest factory can
produce what these thin green leaves can: spindle sunshine
into sugar, sweet and as delectable as the finest cuisine.
These are His creations made for us and the handiworks of
his hands and powered by our own star, almighty wonder!
His world is full of spice for his food is not dull...the
feast is scented with the delicate zest of the tangerine,
fragrant with the flowers of saffron, gold, and earthy as
mushrooms of the earth. It is He who hath made the date
palm that drop their candies for the forsaken dune
travelers. It is He that hath opened the purest of mountain
filtered spring waters, and filled the wells of the deep
cisterns of the earth for all. It is he that hath tendered
the golden fields of grains, made for our livestock,
becoming the rich creams of their tongues.

Feast then on His Goodness and take joy on His
Provisions

As a part of the feast of the everlasting

And you shall not want

4. Of my repentance

Having feasted upon his feast of wonderments

I am aware thus of mine own awfulness,

Pardon me,

My friends, mine enemies

For I have been so lowly, so wronging, so mean, so bad,
So very ugly!

I want you to know that I do not think of myself

So highly at all, for I have e shown you my barred teeth
all too oft

I have stranded my lovely ones, my oh so precious ones
I have left bereft, though He forgives, will I ever forgive
me?

5. Solar and Lunar Leavings

I am in declination
On or thereabout
Thyne moontide
Where the yaw o' the
Pulls, lunar
Have, in orbit
Round mine heart
Interfixed
A Chalice;
O' steeped dream inhalation
O inspecial One
That never hath lunar
Leavings
 Of the endless tide
Come into the harbor
Where the calm waters are
Thick and lap from safety
Of the octopus arm currents
Grip and pulls about the prow
In yacht harbormine

I do pronounce mine own affliction:
I have thee in mine heart's affection.

IV. The Road, Eterne

Through the Lord
The road is my blessing
And my redemption
'Tis a channel
I take to abundance
While under his protection
I roll
And it is my complete
Satisfaction
The miles many
My journeys of heart
Soundly make
I a thinker
A prayerspeaker,

For my friends on the
Long
Endless
Road.

As the winds are restless, so am I now
To and fro the blow
And where they end know I not
Can one put a halter on the winds?
Harness there fury?
Tame their wild journeys
And so, likewise we longhaulers are driven [might be
neat in another tense of verbs - We were driven, we have
been driven, we must be driven...
To the far becks North of the Rio
The headwaters of the Rockies,
To the far Article Circle, these
Are our territories, our roadhomes?
Our land, our workplace, our cities
Our homes.
Both coasts we see
Tis lads, modern day caravans
Merchants of the fabulous olden silken
Road of China, lore now
Extending by sea, by ship, by us
From the far reaches of the Orient
To small-town Americas.

Twice everyday we see
The Lord's vast sovereignty
Two changes of the Sun
Arising and
Asetting
On the skyline horizon
Who bends her lightrays
In an everyday painting
Of magnificence
For a man who does not gaze at
The falling sun,
No creatures are made like man
To be moved by the colors of the
Dawn,
No creatures under this sky
None but man
We were made to relish it
And we are moved not!
Well, not all

I do believe
 We do...
 We followers...

[more episodes - she goes on a journey]

Tis a long road bequeathed to us
Long and unending
In a vast net [see journal]
The road is our home
Are the highways
There is always the next port for a sailor and for us the
next destination of infinity and yet we do not like
unripened grape gripe in bittersweet smarts
No. For the furrows we travel are fertile though unplanted
it does bear fruit of promise of the future
They are in my mind blossoming now!

6. Seed Sowing
Because I see in a seed
Gifted to me
A promise
A seeded promise of prosperity
Just unplanted, unwatered and
Uncared for as of yet
And yet it is not unblessed
Potential
just needed all my caring
all in the Master's furrows.

7. Resounding Echoes
Sometimes methinks that the winds' moan
Are angels in the jets?
That shear about in
Deep groans for a God wholly unworshipped by man
Or, are their sorrow multiplied for the lost who wholly
unredeemed are gone now forever
But mostly are a multiplexing mystery of the utmost
The greatest unknown there ever has been in the history
Of man upon this earth is our God who is everywhere all
about us and who
Remains veiled in the beauty of his own handiworks
I feel sorrow that they don't know him
I feel sad for Him who deserves our praise
At least,
And receives

Not the tenderest of our heart's notions
Quietly he says nothing amongst evidence of
His own magnificence, the earth, the seas, the heavens
For He kindly, like a gentleman who never forces himself on
others
He, by his own words, is lowly
Humble
As we should be and are not
We make ourselves gods
And yet the supernovas are nothing compared
He hath superiority to everything,
There ever was and ever will be.
Take you heed in that.
He will not be quiet forever,
For we, in our great folly will end
Upon this earth
And He will be and will always be.

But I have partaken of his feast everlasting, and I will go
on into the rest and for spirit doth
Hear his words of richness and I worship him
And...

Pardon me if I weep at this
For what has been imparted to me
Is inexplicably wonderful
That words cannot tell nor
Explain this
Beauty beyond belief
Unmistakable majesty
Reigns enthroned in glory
I will be with Him one day
 The All powerful
 The All knowing
 The All mighty
My creator, my savior, my everything
The one
 Ever faithful, tenderloving, hope endearing
The Almighty
 Mastermaker, omnipresent, omnipotent
I will know Him, face to face!!!
I seek His face!
Oh my Father
Oh, I do miss you
Abba!
Your little shepherdess...

8. Refrain

(Let me until then repent and repent and
Seek His grace)

My God!

I say to my me:

Get on your knees and worship him

On your knees

And worship him, the faithful friend

Awe inspiring

Keeper of your tenderlings

Your precious ones, your works, your things

Your ways, your dreams

9. Intrepid Inspiration

10. Echoes

I want to tell you all my litany

Was thus imparted to my spirit

When

Therein

If first stood at the

Canyon's rims and first

Heard their singing

In songs with words beyond my speak

All was imparted to me then

When at the rim

I first hear the moaning, singing

Echoes of the Winds

4. The King of Mine Heart

And God hath made a sharetaker to eat with me here, never alone, sheltered I am by his hand sheltered am I by the man's toil, strong big hands that hold my heart well.

Gifted to me, my soul partner, who reflects his Father's glory in the manliness of his hands and in whom love I am God inspired to

Thank Him

And thank Him

And thank Him again!

For, his comfort hath made me rich so I left the canyon rims and fields for the shelter of his home, upon whom whose thresholds I cross with honor. I am so inspired to remember the days of mine youth as I remember the canyon rims, where'd I once heard those echoes...

Version 2

5/12/2010 11:46:09 AM Recombined 2 versions to have just one file

5/9/2010 7:36:29 PM Prep for sharing with homechurch and reading

8/12/2007 1:03:02 PM Bridgeville DE,

Echoes of the Winds

by a little shepherdess

Mary Malloy

First heard in the high desserts of Nevada, longhauling.

To the other Roamers out there
And my Spirit Family

Echoes of the Winds Excerpt for my Brother

2. At the Rim

...And so I sit at the rim of the canyon - voices moan on the wind,
for an invisible presence is aloft

A mystery, but the echoes of the spirits' songs I hear do haunt me
for they, ghostlike, can only sing to me of the worlds beyond my
know

Of Wonderworlds they are only singing a hint of their
Most interesting glory.

Alas! I stand drawn into enchantment with the haunting echoes of the
songs of the winds,

there are they that only whisper hints of spectacular lands of a
being so interesting to me and bridelike I wonder into the canyon
rim seeking for my windlove to sing to me:

Ghostlike, but not forgotten

Mysterious, but not bad

Nor dark nor bad

Yet Invincible, but invisible now

Blind

Until my everlasting eyes will

Be reborn to see

As I enter my eternity

My bridal ceremony

Into the unending sanctum

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The allure of the moaning winds

Confess this mystery, great

And my spirit understands their tongue

Though I do not

In some uncomprehensible way

Though, I know what the winds are singing to me

For my spirit bears witness of a language beyond

My speak

And worlds beyond my know

But they are real worlds as they are unknown

Tangible as they are invisible

To these Mortal eyes

Eyes which can only but see shadows and

Ears which can only hear but echoes

The echoes of the winds

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from a little shepherdess convicted of the magnificence of
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Of My God Wonder:

My Wonder
Of a God of Truth
Unable to lie
Of God of Love
Unbelievable warmth
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Eyes which can only but see shadows and
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2. The Feast Everlasting

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 "Partake of Me"
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ravenously rapt at what is set before me
The Psalmist's words echo "I shall not want" and I have not
been wanting, for such a feast has made me full, full at
the blessing that go with His family. And so I delight in
my feast, nor am I alone in my joy for my spirit sisters
and mothers and fathers and brothers and daughters and sons
all sit about congregating in delight
While sipping of a kind of wine that is sweeter than honey
and as unsexuating as a pure mountain spring of cold water
and toasting the host while laughing in the kind of
happiness that is of hope everlasting. We all radiate a
kind of Joy for the invisible one whom we all know is there
and we, just mortals are unhallowed to see,
But we can taste, oh yes, we can taste of Him in the
wonders of the feast that He hath prepared for us:
What a feast as no mortal can know unless he has been
foretold and what an honor to know when you are God

Acceptable and sitting welcome at His table as if we were as important as Him, him who binds the universe together across the vast galaxies of time and space. What an honor it is to just sit there knowing this. And yet it is for all of us who hunger and thirst for Him

And Common shepherdess I am not so common after all, for the feast hath told me of mine worth and what we all are, for we sit as if we were equals with the most awesome mastercrafter of the universe, his graciously invited guests.

What mean I of tasting of Him, why then let me explain this: what man, with all his science can fashion an apple from light and soil and water? Not the biggest factory can produce what these thin green leaves can: spindle sunshine into sugar, sweet and as delectable as the finest cuisine. These are His creations made for us and the handiworks of his hands and powered by our own star, almighty wonder! His world is full of spice for his food is not dull...the feast is scented with the delicate zest of the tangerine, fragrant with the flowers of saffron, gold, and earthy as mushrooms of the ground. It is He who hath made the date palm that drop their candies for the forsaken dune travelers. It is He that hath opened the purest of mountain filtered spring waters, and filled the wells of the deep cisterns of the earth for all. It is He that hath tendered the golden fields of grains, made for our livestock, becoming the rich creams for our tongues.

Feast then on His Goodness and take joy on His Provisions

As a part of the feast of the everlasting
And you shall not want

4. Of my repentance

Having feasted upon his feast of wonderments

I am aware thus of mine own awfulness,

Pardon me,

My friends, mine enemies

For I have been so lowly, so wronging, so mean, so bad,
So very ugly!

I want you to know that I do not think of myself

So highly at all, for I have e shown you my barred teeth
all too oft

I have stranded my lovely ones, my oh so precious ones

I have left bereft, though He forgives, will I ever forgive me? It tears at my heart so, how could it have been done by me? For, don't you see, I know that without Him

I was nothing.

5. Solar and Lunar Leavings

I am in declination
On or thereabout
Thyne moontide
Where the yaw o' the
Pulls, lunar
Have, in orbit
Round mine heart
Interfixed
A Chalice;
O' steeped dream inhalation
O inspecial One
That never hath lunar
Leavings

Of the endless tide
Come into the harbor
Where the calm waters are
Thick and lap from safety
Of the octopus arm currents
Grip and pulls about the prow
In yacht harbormine

I do pronounce mine own affliction:
I have thee in mine heart's affection.

IV. The Road, Eterne

Through the Lord
The road is my blessing
And my redemption
'Tis a channel
I take to abundance
While under his protection
I roll
And it is my complete
Satisfaction
The miles many
My journeys of heart
Soundly make
I a thinker
A prayerspeaker,
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Long

Endless
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As the winds are restless, so am I now
To and fro the blow
And where they end know I not
Can one put a halter on the winds?
Harness there fury?
Tame their wild journeys
And so, likewise we longhaulers are driven [might be
neat in another tense of verbs - We were driven, we have
been driven, we must be driven...
To the far becks North of the Rio
The headwaters of the Rockies,
To the far Article Circle, these
Are our territories, our roadhomes?
Our land, our workplace, our cities
Our homes.
Both coasts we see
Tis lads, modern day caravans
Merchants of the fabulous olden silken
Road of China, lore now
Extending by sea, by ship, by us
From the far reaches of the Orient
To small-town Americas.

Twice everyday we see
The Lord's vast sovereignty
Two changes of the Sun
Arising and
Asetting
On the skyline horizon
Who bends her lightrays
In an everyday painting
Of magnificence
For a man who does not gaze at
The rising sun,
No creatures are made like man
To be moved by the colors of the
Dawn,
No creatures under this sky
None but man
We were made to relish it
And we are moved not!
Well, not all
I do believe
We do...

We followers...

[more episodes - she goes on a journey]

Tis a long road bequeathed to us
Long and unending
In a vast net [see journal]
The road is our home
Are the highways
There is always the next port for a sailor and for us the
next destination of infinity and yet we do not like
unripened grape gripe in bittersweet smarts
No. For the furrows we travel are fertile though unplanted
it does bear fruit of promise of the future
They are in my mind blossoming now!

6. Seed Sowing
Because I see in a seed
Gifted to me
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A seeded promise of prosperity
Just unplanted, unwatered and
Uncared for as of yet
And yet it is not unblessed
Potential
just needed my caring
all in the Master's furrows.

7. Resounding Echoes
Sometimes methinks that the winds' moan
Are angels in the jets?
That shear about in
Deep groans for a God wholly unworshipped by man
Or, are their sorrow multiplied for the lost who wholly
unredeemed are gone now forever
But mostly are a multiplexing mystery of the utmost
The greatest unknown there ever has been in the history
Of man upon this earth is our God who is everywhere all
about us and who
Remains veiled in the beauty of his own handiworks
I feel sorrow that they don't know him
I feel sad for Him who deserves our praise
At least,
And receives
Not the tenderest of our heart's notions
Quietly he says nothing amongst evidence of

His own magnificence, the earth, the seas, the heavens
For He kindly, like a gentleman who never forces himself on
others
He, by his own words, is lowly
Humble
As we should be and are not
We make ourselves gods
And yet the supernovas are nothing compared
He hath superiority to everything,
There ever was and ever will be.
Take you heed in that.
He will not be quiet forever,
For we, in our great folly will end
Upon this earth
And He will be and will always be.

But I have partaken of his feast everlasting, and I will go
on into the rest and for spirit doth
Hear his words of richness and I worship him
And...

Pardon me if I weep at this
For what has been imparted to me
Is inexplicably wonderful
That words cannot tell nor
Explain this
Beauty beyond belief
Unmistakable majesty
Reigns enthroned in glory
I will be with Him one day
The All powerful
The All knowing
The All mighty
My creator, my savior, my everything
The one
Ever faithful, tenderloving, hope endearing
The Almighty
Mastermaker, omnipresent, omnipotent
I will know Him, face to face!!!
I seek His face!
Oh my Father
Oh, I do miss you
Abba!
Your little shepherdess...

8. Refrain

(Let me until then repent and repent and

Seek His grace)
My God!
I say to my me:
 Get on your knees and worship him
 On your knees
And worship him, the faithful friend
Awe inspiring
Keeper of your tenderlings
Your precious ones, your works, your things
Your ways, your dreams

8.5 Reverb
Steeped in isolation
Reverbed in sorrow
Magnificent in mystery
Art the winds aloft
Whose keeper transfers them high
and rushing
They are to everywhere
And nowhere
In a rush race
To a father's infinity

9. Intrepid Inspiration

10. Echoes
I want to tell you all my litany
Was thus imparted to my spirit
When
Therein
 If first stood at the
Canyon's rims and first
Heard their singing
In songs with words beyond my speak
All was imparted to me then
When at the rim
I first hear the moaning, singing
 Echoes of the Winds

4. The King of Mine Heart

And God hath made a sharetaker to eat with me here, never
alone, sheltered I am by his hand sheltered am I by the
man's toil, strong big hands that hold my heart well.
Gifted to me, my soul partner, who reflects his Father's
glory in the manliness of his hands and in whom love I am
God inspired to
Thank Him
And thank Him
And thank Him again!
For, his comfort hath made me rich so I left the canyon
rims and fields for the shelter of his home, upon whom
whose thresholds I cross with honor. I am so inspired to
remember the days of mine youth as I remember the canyon
rims, where'd I once heard those echoes...

Version 3

Edit Log:

3/30/2015 5:12 PM 3/12/2013 9:17:16 AM Small Change 8/12/2007 2:51:29 PM Bridgeville DE;

Echoes of the Winds

Shepherdess Sings

Worshiping At the Rim

The Winds sing aloft

So I wonder in
To the Canyon Rim
And cast mine eyes across

So I sit at the rim of the canyon
Voices moan on the wind,
For an invisible presence invites me,
Pray listen then:

The echoes of the spirits' songs
I hear do haunt me for they,
Ghostlike, can only sing to me
Of the worlds beyond my know
Of Wonderworlds they are only singing a hint of their
Most interesting glory.

Alas! I stand drawn into enchantment
With the haunting echoes
Of the songs of the winds,
There are they that only whisper
Hints of spectacular lands

Of a being so interesting to me
And bridelike
I wonder into the canyon rim
Seeking for my windlove to sing to me:

Ghostlike, but not forgotten

Mysterious, but not bad
Nor dark, nor sad
Yet Invincible, but invisible now
Blind now
Until my everlasting eyes will
Be reborn to see
As I enter my eternity
My bridal ceremony
Into the unending sanctum
Of my Father's Rest

The allure of the moaning winds
Confess this mystery, great
And my spirit understands their tongue
Though I do not

In some incomprehensible way
Though, I do know what the winds are singing to me

For my spirit bears witness of a language beyond

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And worlds beyond my know

But they are real worlds as they are unknown
Tangible as they are invisible
To these Mortal eyes
Eyes which can only but see shadows and
Ears which can only hear but echoes
The echoes of the winds

